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ORTH, 1838.
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ETH, M. D.,
ORE, 1838.

Original Poetry.

LINES.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING OF 1835.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

Farewell, dark Winter! monarch drear and cold!
Brisk's at thy icy sceptre, bound in chains!
Of dazzling snow is all thou'st'd. The trees—
Black spirits of the tempest and the storm—
Who lov'd to tie they awful bidding-ones,
Are nerveless, pow'less, voiceless! And I hear,
Amidst young flow'rs of Spring, and sunny skies,
(Faint as the dying murmur of the sea.)
The parting voice of the dread Monarch—
Retreating, sadly, from thy falling throne.
And yielding, with a deep sigh full of pain,
Those dark dominions that were over those area.

I lov'd thee dearly, thou dis-crowned king!
And lov'd spirit-like, through the departed reign;
And now, strange though it be! I frame a sigh
When I behold the sceptre pass'd from thee;
And, the conquer, Summer,—alike her brow
Be wreath'd with sun-bright flow'rs and all nods green—
Although her "sunny smile" of happiness
Beams on the earth in gladness—bids no chance,
No mercury that shall wither one of all earth,
Or, bear I lov'd to see thy classly form
Float proudly on the bosom of the storm—
To see the flashings of thy mighty spear
Gleam brightly through the darkness of the murky heaven!
While thy loud voice of thunder, deep and long,
Summon'd thy followers from the cheerless North,
To follow in thy dreadful car-ee.
And I did love, full well, the haughty gloom
Which sat so proudly on thy dauntless brow;
And my soul prpd to wonder forth alone,
At midnight's solemn hour, and watch thee
And see thy Egyptian drapery that long
Be black'ned heavily around thy Throne.
The Universe "seem'd to wake from sleep,
Their ear'nest tones on thy stormy tire.
Well did the wild, dark night, that ought go to
Bosom—that you might stay at home with
us—"

"Caroline," interrupted he, sternly,

"But, no; hear me out. Go—God bless and preserve you. And if the good wishes and prayers of a weak girl like me, are of any avail, you have them a thousand times over. Of one thing be assured; however long you may be absent, I shall not forget you. And I know full well that you will never cease to love me. But I must return—my parents will suspect—God bless you, Mary, and do not think hard it is to say that word." He pressed the unresisting girl to his bosom—kissed again and again her lips, eyes, brow, while she, more pallid together: at last, tearing himself from her, he mounted his horse and rode swiftly away. She stood as if in a dream, gazing on his figure until it was entirely lost among the various windings of the road, then turned, and wiping away the tears that were slowly pursued the way to her father's home.

Caroline St Clair was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, who, when a child, had settled in America, to enjoy the remainder of his life with as little care and anxiety as possible. He died when his child were passionately fond of their daughter, and as she grew up, and became more beautiful and loveevery day, her affection for them increased the beauties both of her mind and person. Such a degree of intelligence might have ruined the temper of most girls, but Caroline possessed such an innocent, happy disposition, that in a short time she became the favorite of all the children of the neighborhood, and was attentively love those who are gentle and kind to them. and Caroline possessed to an eminent degree the latter of these qualities, as well as the former. But with all her father's kindness towards her there was one thing that he disapproved of. He was a warm friend and admirer of Edward Stanley, and, himself a zealous loyalist, could not even endure to hear of his daughter ever thinking of one who had taken up arms, and declared his views, and was engaged, heart and hand with the Americans in their struggle for liberty. But this was a little secret, known only to himself and Caroline, for since the death of his wife, which happened just before he left England, he wished his daughter to be always with him. Whenever the name of Stanley was mentioned, his brow would darken, and his countenance usually so benevolent and placid, would grow angry and excited. Often had he forbidden his daughter even to see Stanley again. But love is love, and he will cease that she had parted from him, and he was half angry with her, she would look up smilingly into his face, and the frown would vanish at the morning dew before the bright rays of the sun, while he would say, "Well, well, my sweet Cary, I will forgive you this time, but mark me, you must not be guilty of the like act again if you do," but Caroline would not stay to hear more, and he left to finish the evening alone. "I suppose I ought not to be angry with her; she's a dear, good girl as ever was, and would not disobey me willingly; and yet I cannot bear to think that she will ever become the wife of that Stanley. Bought! I don't know how it will turn out. We shall see."

CHAPTER II.

"——A wasted female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
A weeping face and streaming eye,
Mixed on a cliff beside the sea."
Song of the Lake.

We must now change the scene to a little cottage near Dedham, where Ralph had, the evening before, parted with the lovesick Mary M'——. Was the belle of the small village where she lived! Many a sturdy farmer's son had thought of her with feelings "akin to love," yet none had presumed upon hoping that he was the favored one, except Ralph Martin. Although it was not publicly known, they were "engaged," still it was strongly suspected, and when one pleasant Sunday morning, Mary gave a fresh rose to Ralph, the whole village greatly open his wasteout, surprises gave way to absolute certainty, in the minds of the old ladies of the town, and by the time it was set down as a settled matter that Ralph and Mary were to be man and wife.

Mary was alone cheerfully in at the low kitchen windows, and glittered brightly upon the well scoured tin pans, and other articles of kitchen furniture that were in the room. Not a particle of dust was visible, and near one of the windows where the thick foliage of a lilac bush partially shaded the rays of the sun, sat Mary with her sewing in her lap. One who was accustomed to the proud and haughty beauty of the parlor belle might not have been fascinated by the quiet, modest appearance of Mary; yet to a closer observer, beneath her humble appearance, there was something which told at once than ordinary refinement, and when her countenance was lighted up with enthusiasm in speaking or thinking of her country's woes, you would certainly have called her it not beautiful, at least, a very interesting girl. In the eyes of Ralph, as may be supposed, she was the "beau ideal" of perfection.

The old family clock had just lazily rung out the hour of five, when a knock was heard at the door, and a moment after Dame Willoughby entered, and was most cordially welcomed by Mary. "Oh, dear me," said the old lady, as she took off her bonnet and seated herself, "I am't it dreadful to think that Edward Stanley and Ralph, and all of our best men are going off to this war, to be killed, perhaps? Don't you feel terribly about it, Mary, dear? I thought maybe you'd feel kinder sad and lonesome, so I just dropped in, but I can't stay only a little while. Don't you feel bad, Mary dear? And your father and mother are gone away, too. Well, well, we can't have every thing to please us in this world, and I suppose your heart trouble patiently. I declare, I have walked so fast I am all out of breath. I'll be talking all night."

The next day passed quietly over, and the night found the house of Mr. M'—— in its perfectly clear, and General Putnam walked hurriedly to and fro on the grass before his tent. He often paused and looked earnestly down the lane, as if expecting some one, but more than an hour passed away and he was still alone. Nothing can be heard except the occasional lowing of a horse, and the hall strolled sound of the Americans, busily engaged in throwing up a night entrenchment down from the attack of the British, which they expected would be made on the next day.

He was just turning into his tent, when he thought he heard a sound as of some one approaching on horseback. He listened, and the sound became distinct. A moment more and Edward Stanley threw himself from his horse, and warmly shook the hand of the General.

"Welcome, welcome brave Stanley," said he. "I had just made up my mind that you would not come. Where is Ralph? I expected he would be with you. I have much to say to you, and it must be said quickly too, for by to-morrow's dawn we shall be engaged in battle."

The sun arose bright and clear the next morning, but a short time after, the clouds gathered in the east and soon extended over the whole face of the sky. The Americans were posted along the inner side of the forest work, and General Putnam rode along the front of the line, exhorting, "Americans—yonder is the enemy. Remember that this day may decide the fate of your country. Fight for your parents, your wives, your children, your all. Reserve your fire until you see the whites of their eyes, and then pour it in with fatal effect."

Aunt Willoughby is a kind old woman," said Mary, half aloud, when she was left alone. "I am sure she has been very kind to me since I was away, if she will only come and see me once or twice a week. She is a great talker, though! I could hardly get a chance to say a word. But some one is coming here; who can it be! I am half afraid." A knock was heard. "Come in," said Mary, in a faint voice, for the moment the door was opened her countenance changed, and she flew to meet the new comer, who was no other than Ralph, who was locked in the embrace of Caroline St. Clair.

"How do you do, dear Mary?" said she. "I know you do you think I met a little way down the lane! It was Aunt Willoughby; oh, now I know, she has been here, to see you, has she? Well, I guess I can, what I have come for this evening."

"I do not know, I am sure. I hope it is to-morrow evening."

"Oh, no, not at all—quite the contrary and since you are all curiosity to hear, I will tell you at once. I want you to come down to the house and see your father and mother return. Father heard, this morning, that you were gone, and he was very much vexed, and I was afraid he would come after you. And I knew full well that you will never cease to love me. But I must return—my parents will suspect—God bless you, Mary, and do not think hard it is to say that word." He pressed the unresisting girl to his bosom—kissed again and again her lips, eyes, brow, while she, more pallid together: at last, tearing himself from her, he mounted his horse and rode swiftly away. She stood as if in a dream, gazing on his figure until it was entirely lost among the various windings of the road, then turned, and wiping away the tears that were slowly pursued the way to her father's home.

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ference between myself and a belle. I blushed, trembled, and almost stammered at every word I uttered. Julia, on the contrary, was all ease, elegance, and self-possession. Gay, but always within bounds; familiar, but perfectly delicate and dignified, uttering the most common remark with an air of naivte that made it perfectly charming. Surrounded with admirers, she set in the least discomposed or elated, and going and saying everything in such a charming manner that made her perfectly fascinating. I am sure Julia had not a more ardent admirer than myself. I knew that every melting word was studied, still it was beautiful, it appeared natural. Yet Julia never was a girl of fine talents, spoilt by flattery, and trained into other heartlessness by fashion and indulgence.

When we retired for the night, it was determined that Julia and I should be left to ourselves more. Here again I was taught the difference between myself and a belle. In the simplicity of my heart I had never dreamed of the thousand and one requisites for the dressing-table of a belle. A stand of waters, soaps and soap, were the "ultima thule" of my desires in that respect; and then were in my entonishment to observe the array of lotions, dentifrices, perfumes, washes, jars, vials, et cetera, upon the table of my cousin. There seemed a perfect mania for concealments, of which in the simplicity of my heart, I had never dreamed. My own simple garments were soon removed, my hair rolled up and dress finished, when I stood waiting for Julia, who had sunk into a reverie before her glass.

"Julia, let me assist you to roll up these ringlets."

She burst into quite an unfashionable laugh. Taking out the little black enameled pin after another, she shook the whole mass upon the table.

"Why cou! remember the curl you gave to Mr. ——?"

She laughed still heartier, and shook her almost bald head, and her fine eyes danced with merriment.

"Mr. —— and I are equal, for his hair is false, too—but he thinks I know it."

Undistressing her dress, I looked aghast upon the unsightly beddings. Julia instantly seemed to comprehend the cause of my pause, and to give roundness and proportion to the figure. Two shapeless little bumps were removed below the belt to give the requisite fullness to the lower part of the person. I witnessed the removal of these articles in blank amazement. Under the confusion of a damp towel, the cosmetique of red and white complexion disappeared, and cousin Julia looked a little sallow. She saw my astonishment with mirth that now, at least was real, for there was no art of setting to that effect. She threw aside her usual air of well-bred gayety, and very good humor, and I hardly knew her head, and laughed as heartily as a country girl. In doing so, the wine that confined one or two false teeth, loosened, and the teeth came near dropping into her throat.

"Cousin Julia!" I exclaimed.

"Cousin Bet!" she responded, and rising up, she stood before the looking-glass. What a metamorphosis! She contemplated it for a while with a bitter laugh.

"Well, well," she at length uttered, "if the world is so easily gulled, it is no sin to gull it."

Oh, let me be content, thought I, to be amiable and believed, without aiming at the distinction of what is called a belle, to dazzle by her beauty, and awe by her splendor of wit and talent: to be courted, envied, flattered, and finally neglected and slighted. Let me be anything, rather than the cold, heartless, artificial slave of fashion—anything but a belle.

ROSE. BETSEY GREEN.

Agricultural.

THE ISABELLA GRAPE.

Extract from J. S. Skinner's Address to the Columbian Horticultural Society.

I shall content myself with giving you the history of a single *Isabella* vine, now in my mind's eye, and with which I have a particular acquaintance and some very agreeable recollections. It was planted and reared by Dr. Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, a naturalist well and favorably known to the country, and to me as an earnest seeker after all useful knowledge for its own sake, and for the good it may enable him to do society and mankind; moreover, whose statement of *facts* may be relied on as we rely on the evidence of daylight. This remarkable vine, not new for the first time referred to, and likely to become as noted as the famous one at Hampton Court, produced, on one branch upwards of 2,000 bunches, was planted in 1827, then a layer of a year's growth. The history and statistics of it will show how easy it is for any man to have for himself and family in a very short time a great abundance, at the cost, of one of the most delicious, if not the most healthy in all the catalogue of fruits. The soil in which it was planted was a stiff moeid, to which was added a wheel-barrow full of cow manure and mud and lime mortar. The old stem was cut off within one eye of the ground. The young shoot soon threw out two leaves; labor of planting promptly occupied half an hour. As soon as the two eyes had grown a few inches, one of them, the smallest and weakest of course, was rubbed off. The other was trained perpendicularly; for it was desigued to touch and pass horizontally along the upper part of a balcony that fronted to the east. It was trained accordingly, and the first year, it reached to the top of the balcony, about sixteen feet. The second year, two buds were allowed to grow from the top of the post, or the circular stem, and these were trained horizontally along a strong wire attached to the post. During the season all lateral buds were rubbed off, both from the upright stem and the branches, allowing no wood to be made except the main stem. In the spring of the third year, when the bud along the horizontal vine was allowed to grow and set fruit; but as soon as the bud was well set, the end of each branch was nipped off to stop its growth, and thus all the power of the plant was forced into the fruit. The result of this first season of bearing was three hundred and fifteen bunches of most delicious grapes. The second year of bearing nearly doubled the first, and the third nearly doubled the second. It is now loaded with fruit for the fifth time. The stem of the vine has grown a few inches, one of them, the smallest and weakest of course, was rubbed off. The other was trained perpendicularly for it was designed to touch and pass horizontally along the upper part of a balcony that fronted to the east. It was trained accordingly, and the first year, it reached to the top of the balcony, about sixteen feet. The second year, two buds were allowed to grow from the top of the post, or the circular stem, and these were trained horizontally along a strong wire attached to the post. During the season all lateral buds were rubbed off, both from the upright stem and the branches, allowing no wood to be made except the main stem. In the spring of the third year, when the bud along the horizontal vine was allowed to grow and set fruit; but as soon as the bud was well set, the end of each branch was nipped off to stop its growth, and thus all the power of the plant was forced into the fruit. The result of this first season of bearing was three hundred and fifteen bunches of most delicious grapes. The second year of bearing nearly doubled the first, and the third nearly doubled the second. It is now loaded with fruit for the fifth time. The stem of the vine has grown a few inches, one of them, the smallest and weakest of course, was rubbed off. The other was trained perpendicularly;

United States SATURDAY POST.

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LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the terms of the Publication, &c. and for Godey's Lady's Book, and Graham's Magazine.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Godey's Lady's Book.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilchester.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, except as to Messrs. Ross & Tousey, and H. Cornwell, of St. Mount Vernon, Ohio.

JOHN SIMMS, Canada, East and West.

HENRY H. LEIB is certainly not Agent in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South Western States and Florida, assisted by *James A. Wagner, William H. Field, G. F. Fox* and *Thomas H. Flatt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES FISHER is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

SPRING, BEAUTIFUL SPRING!

We have published for some time past, a number of the delightful season now with us—partly as an antidote to our friend who admires Winter so much, and partly as a relief from the paper—and principally because the weather now really "deserves encouragement" but a fair correspondent informs us that we only make trouble of writing, but our readers the trouble of perusing our proxy didactics. Nor is this negative homage all that we are entitled to, for there is the simple, eloquent, and charming spirit of true poesy in the contribution from which we extract the following as our readers

"And the Spring-time comes, and the world is bright and all nature looks up rejoicing"

There's a smile on the rain, there's a step on the hill,
There's a music and motion in every sound we hear,
There's a voice on the zephyr that sweepeth along,
A breathing of triumph, of gladness, of song
And the heart of the poet is thrilled with the song
To the glow of thy coming, Spring, beautiful Spring!

There's a radiance that lingers on the soft dreamy air,
Mid the glow of the twilight, a revelation is there,
With the flush of the morning, the shade of the night,
It speaketh of gladness, of beauty, of light
And the syllabs of the former tells merrily sing,
To thy harmonious notes, Spring, beautiful Spring!

There's a love on the sky, there's a hue on the cloud,
As it curtains the azure vault soft of its shroud.
There's a light on the mountain, the valley, the mount,
Like the gushings of blue from the Nirvan fountain—
And the temples of the universe all laughingly sing
Their tunes to thine altar, Spring, beautiful Spring!

Up, up from the forest dells wakeith the breath
Of the many-tinged flowers, and the sweet scented wreath,
With a fragrance as rich as that breathed in the thrill
Of the songtrol wreath of the bright Nereonkal,
And the Poet's ad heart is responsive to thine
Thine incense around thee, Spring, beautiful Spring!

Oh! bright art thy holding, the air and the earth
Have started to gladness, and we ardented to mirth,
And richly thy sport hand round us hath cast
The garments of praise, indeed crown with the past;
And up from our hearts, too, the chorus shall sing,
All hail to thy coming, Spring, beautiful Spring!

"Spring, beautiful Spring"—then art here with us now,
With the dew on thy lip, and the gems on thy brow,
With the flush of thy beauty, so brilliant and wild,
That the glad soul springs up with the glow of a child,
And grows into song with thy presence, Spring,
With a conjurer's gorgeousness, beautiful Spring

And oh! in thy glory so lightly rising,
The globe is brilliant, the sun rises early,
Oh! be thy light footstep wherever it rests,
The earnest of hope, and of peace to the breast.
Till the wearied heart of each being shall sing
Hail, hail to thine promise, Spring, beautiful Spring!
Accomac, Chester Co. CHRISTOPHER.

Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, *for May*.—This is truly a glorious number of "Graham." It is filled with articles from the right sort of writers, and is, in our opinion, the second best one twaddle, with which many of our monthlies are filled.

We copy the following notice from the pen of our friend Chandler, of the United States Gazette.

MR. GRAHAM.—We have received a welcome visitor, we have turned him many times round to view his good looks, and finally, we have opened him, and have rummaged his pockets without compunction, and have discovered a number of good things with which he came laden, with all the eagerness that a youngster hunts for a good dinner. The "Graham" for May, is a good "Mayer," and is filled with the improving spirit of every thing around it, animate and inanimate, and is a most welcome visitor.

Nathaniel Hawthorne' leads off with one of his quaint articles, full of grotesque and original thought, entitled "Sights from a Steeple," and we will know by the results of their well directed efforts, whether the "Sights" are worth seeing or not. Lowell gives a pleasant sketch of Leigh Hunt, which we consider sensibly distinguishes her, which we should like to copy if The examples are not so numerous, and one of them representative "Battle Field of Brandywine." The drawing and finish are worthy of the pen that produced it, a review of a review of original variety of the "Revolutionary Battle Grounds," and the "Sketch Book" of Irving, in the style of excellence, the readers of "Graham" may judge when a piece of writing can prevent with by the pen of its pages, by its new and valuable features. A Review of Longfellow's Poems, by Edgar A. Poe, is one of the publisher, and of his unsparing criticism, he places the self before knight, the elevated reputation of his sterling Magazine.

The other usual engraving, which has the title of "The Forsaken," is a good one, and is the finest of the series of pieces of Faustus toil, of course, be examined, in order to see the latest mode of the changeful goddess.

Finally, the number is a choice one from the beginning to the "Finis."

CYCLOPEDIA *of Practical Medicine. No. 1. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard*.—This is a work which will supply a great desideratum in medical literature. It is to contain, information on all subjects connected with the profession, arranged in the form of a cyclopedia. It is edited by John Forbes, Alexander Tweedie, and John Conolly, all of London, M. D., and the American edition is revised by Robley Dunglison. M. D.

WARNS AND OBSTACLES. *By Thomas Hood, a new edition. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. New York: Wiley & Putnam*.—This is one of the most mirth moving affairs extant, as the name of the author will sufficiently vouch. It is illustrated with numerous and original engravings to the way of engravings.

The publishers have a cheap edition of Victor Hugo's Hunchback.

OLLAPODIANA. *Zieber & Co*.—This is the title, as our readers have seen, of a new work by the author of which we trust to send forth his musings. A greater range of subjects is taken up in the present volume than in the first, which were whole in course of their publication the leading features of the day, and the hodge-podge Magazine. We are glad to find them here re-published in a more permanent form.

MRS. ELLET'S WORKS. *Redmond & Peterson*.—All the works of this celebrated and truly useful writer, are on sale at the depot of Redmond & Co. and we need not say how interesting a feature library they must be. Agreeable to be excellent in their tendency, they have been the means of effecting an amount of good, which no orders can write of works.

UNIVERSAL CHOICE. *By Charles Dudley. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart*.—This most delightful book, one of Dickens's best, is here got up in charming style, with illustrations executed by John Leech. It is worth one's while to read it over again, in this form, who has read it in a newspaper.

THE TRAVELLER, *Or the Wonders of Art. Philadelphia: Thomas Cowperthwait & Co*.—This is a pleasant little work, containing a number of interesting facts, most usefully engage the attention of young people, in obvious and useful manner.

MORSE, ELTER. *Zieber & Co*. have sent us the last number of the Mirror, Extra—a selection of serious poetry made by the accurate taste of Mr. Willis.

☞ Colon has received the Northern Literary Messenger for April, the Lowell Offering, the Magnet, and the Togazine for the month.

THE POST OFFICE.

The following is the Postmaster General's estimate of the expenses of his department, for the next fiscal year, as sent to us in Congress:

For transporting the mail,	$3,150,000
Compensation to Postmasters and their Clerks,	1,310,000
Ship, steamboat and way letters,	22,000
Advertising,	35,000
Shipping paper and blanks,	45,000
Office rent, fuel, lights and stamps,	28,000
Miscellaneous on the mail, &c.,	20,000
Incidents,	50,000
Books expenses not to be particularized	
	$4,630,000
Add to the expense of the general post office, and of the civil list,	170,000
	$4,700,870

State Legislature.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, April 10. The Appropriation Bill occupied the whole day. The item for the ordinary expenses of government was cut down to $250,000. The provision for the ordinary repairs of the canals was reduced to $100,000. The principal debate was on the School Appropriation, but it was finally adopted. In the House, the day was spent on the bill to sell the Main Line. A long discussion arose on an amendment offered, that the stock taken in payment for the works should be sold at the price paid by the holder. It was lost. ayes 36, nays, 37.

IN SENATE, Thursday, April 11. The Appropriation Bill was under debate. The most important thing done, was the reduction of the Canal Commissioner's salary from $1500, to $100,000 to $75,000.

IN THE HOUSE, The Main Line Bill was up. An amendment authorizing the company to any money necessary, was lost—36 to 40. Other amendments were offered and lost, till the 17th section was reached. Here an amendment was offered by Mr. Rhoads, seconded by Mr. Rountree, which provides for a vote of the people for or against a sale of the Main Line. It shall be sold or not. Debate on this lasted till late hour of adjournment.

IN SENATE, Friday, April 12. The Appropriation Bill was the subject of debate through the whole day.

IN THE HOUSE, the Main Line Bill was taken up early in the day, the question pending being a section proposed to be inserted by Mr. Rountree, after the 20th section, to submit the sale to the people, at the next general election, shall be for or against a sale of the Main Line. This was discussed till near 1 o'clock, and passed by the following vote:

Yeas—Ambrose, Anderegg, Bennet, Bishop, Boyd, Brackenridge, Bright, Brush, Bull, Butler, Coleman, Commins of Fayette, Commins of Butler, Cummins of Mifflin, Dotts, Elliott, Evans, Fleming, Foulkrod, Herman, Hill, Ireland, Kerr, Kugler, Laning, Long, Macmanus, Magee, Mann, McKeehan, McFadden, Mc-Clellan, Parke, Picking, Sackley, Shaw, Smith of Berks, Smith of Bucks, Smith of Chester, Smith of Philadelphia Co., Smith of Westmoreland, Snyder, Straub, Thompson, Todd, Troge, Tustin, Urban, Whitaker, Whiteman, Wilson, Snowden, Speaker—49.

Nays—Adams, Backman, Black, Brady, Carpenter, Cassel, Connor, Cooper, Cooper, Darkey, Dunlop, Farrell, Fahringer, Gould, Hall, Hamilton, Hay, Hazlehurst, Hinseline, Jordan, Kauffman, Lawrence, Linton, Metzger, Miller, McEwen, McWilliams, Nicholson, Parke, Picking, Sackley, Shaw, Smith of Berks, Smith of Bucks, Smith of Chester, Thompson, Toland, Troge, Tustin, Urban, Whitaker, Whiteman, Wilson, Snowden, Speaker—49.

The section was then inserted by a vote of 49 to 45.

IN SENATE, Saturday, April 13. The Senate was all day in committee upon the Appropriation Bill, and passed it through, and on the finally a third reading, by suspending the one hour rule, and remaining in session half an hour longer than usual. The bill reduces the appropriations nearly two millions of dollars. Almost every item was changed, so that the bill as it came from the House of Representatives, undoubtedly raises the amount, and it will at least be left to a Committee of Conference in all probability. In it a larger sum is allowed than for domestic conductors than by the House bill, and the salary of the Canal Commissioner is reduced to $50,000 per quarter.

IN THE HOUSE, the Main Line Bill was under consideration, but on direct vote was had.

IN SENATE, Monday, April 17. A large number of bills—principally private—were reported from Committees. The Appropriation Bill coming up on its final reading, the Senate recommitted it to the Committee of the Whole, struck out the item of appropriation to Domestic creditors ($160,000,) and finally passed the bill.

IN THE HOUSE the resolution as to final adjournment was taken up on third reading. The resolution had passed the Senate to adjourn on the 18th inst. In the House, on a motion by Mr. Toland, a substitute had been adopted on second reading, declaring that the Legislature will not adjourn till the revenue bill is disposed of. When the bill came up this morning, Mr. McFadden moved to put the Committee of the Whole, to fix on the 25th inst. Several amendments, ranging from 20th inst., the 1st of May, &c., were offered and voted down; when Mr. Fahringer moved to make the 29th inst. This was adopted, yeas 47, nays 27. The resolution was accordingly so amended and passed final reading, yeas 51, nays 43.

The Revenue Bill was next considered, the 27th section, authorizing articles taxable for State purposes, pending. Mr. Rush moved to assess a property tax one for cents per ton. Mr. Straub moved to tax lumber 50 cents per 100 feet. After debate on the 27th section, the section passed by a strong vote and adjourned.

The 28th section, which provides the mode of assessing taxes on bank stocks, stocks in savings institutions and incorporate companies was substituted by a lengthy section offered by Mr. Rush.

The 29th section, which establishes a three-mill tax on all property taxable for State purposes, (not named in the 28th section,) was passed, 1835 to 1815; and a sum of the late Thomas Stonger, who represented the same District from 1780 to 1793.

Religious Intelligence.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.

This highly respectable body of Clergymen commenced their session on Friday last, disposing of the various business which had been presented to them in a wise and discreet manner. Among the most interesting changes of which we hear are the appropriation of $2,125 to various Domestic Missions; the setting apart of the second Friday in April, and the Saturday following as days of Fasting and Prayer; the appointment of Rev. Henry White to preach the next Conference Sermon, and the appointment of the following Committees to attend the Institutions named:

Dickinson College—Rev. J. Kennaday and Rev. E. L. Janes.

Female Collegiate Institute at Wilmington—Rev. A. W. Agnew, Rev. I. T. Cooper, Rev. E. Gerry.

Pennington Male Seminary—Rev. W. H. Gilder, Rev. B. Hall.

Bellevue Female Seminary—Rev. M. Senn, Rev. J. A. Boyle.

The following are the appointments of Preachers for the year

Second Philadelphia District

James Smith, P. E. Hagerstown, M. Senn, sup Hagerstown, John H. Hagerty, Salem, Orth, supply Williamsport, Wm. A. Smith, Cumberland, Wm. Lelland, sup, Maconey Bethel, John S. Taylor, Wheatland, Wm. Hamilton, Mercersburg, Wm. Cooper, Tobias, Andrew, Wm. H. Elliott, John Wesley, John Hall, Wm. Hall, Chambersburg, Wm. Hamilton, J. A. Roche, Chester, H. C. King, J. B. Abren, J. Tully, Wm. Ryan, Gettysburg, Wm. Hamilton, Conewago, Lawrence, Wm. Lawrence, Hanover, H. C. Benson, Mosser, M. Fowler, M. Fadden, M'Williams, Samuel Hamilton, P. Ryan, Bonnett, Nesbitt, Shatick, Shaw, Shindel, Smith, (Clearfield,) Smith, (Lancaster Smith, (Philada. co.) Hamilton, (Wyoming,) Sheldon, Straub, Thompson, Toland, Troge, Tustin, Whitaker, Whitman, Wilson, Snowden, Speaker—49.

Nays—Adams, Ambrose, Backman, Blair, Brady, Carpenter, Cassel, Connor, Cooper, Darkey, Dotts, Eckles, Hall, Hamilton, Hill, Hinseline, Jordan, Kauffman, Long, Metzger, Moore, Morgan, M'Cauley, M'Kinley, Parke, Pottenger, Rogers, Scheetz, Smith, (Monroe,) Strauss, Urban, Weber—30.

So the section passed without further debate.

The bill progressed so far as the 34th section, which appoints the Secretary of the Commonwealth, Treasurer and Auditor General, Board of Commissioners of the Revenue Fund, and prescribes the mode of their appointment.

IN SENATE, Tuesday, April 16. The resolution to adjourn on the 20th struck from the House, passed the Senate. A resolution was then offered, appointing a committee of each Senator to ten minutes on each bill. The bill Revenue was then taken up, and after discussion, passed final reading.

IN THE HOUSE, the bill on private bills.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, April 17. The Tide Water Bill passed final reading.

IN THE HOUSE, The Tax Bill was still under consideration.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, April 10. Memorials were presented in favor of the present tariff, and against any change, from Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky and Virginia. Mr. Wright offered a resolution, instructing the Committee of Finance to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the President to remit the penalties of death, to commute the punishment to imprisonment for life.

Mr. Colquit, of Georgia, made a reply to his colleague, Mr. Berrien, on the Tariff question.

In the House, Mr. Dromgoole, of Georgia, moved to suspend the rules to go into Committee of the Whole on the bill for the year 1844, and nays were called, and the motion lost, 85 in the affirmative, 87 nays.

Mr. Ingersoll moved that the rules be suspended to enable him to move a resolution to postpone the bill till the last Tuesday in December next. Yeas 86, nays unrecorded, 147 to 26. Mr. Dromgoole moved to amend, by striking out the last Tuesday in December, and inserting the first Monday in June. The amendment was lost, yeas 98 nays 92. Mr. Ingersoll's resolution was then lost, yeas 92 nays 93 nays 100. Those votes were watched with great interest, as they were the first ever received from the President in answer to the inquiries relative to the Rhode Island, in which he says that the Government of the United States had no authority during the disturbances in that State, the only measure taken being in strengthen the garrison at Fort Adams. The affair passed over without the interposition of any military force from the government.

IN SENATE, Thursday, April 11. The Tariff question was laid over to take up the Memphis Naval Depot Bill. After some debate the bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

In the House, Mr. Gilbert Hatfield, of Tennessee Bill was debated, and laid aside to consider the Revolutionary Pension Bills. The House then proceeded to its amendments, particularly that which forbids a pensioner from holding office under Government, and still receiving a pension.

IN SENATE, Friday, April 12. Mr. Tappan called up his resolution, offered some time ago, directing investigation into the Somers case. After some conversation it was negatived. The Memphis Naval Depot Bill was taken up and passed. Mr. Clayton made a speech upon the Tariff question, after which the Senate passed into Executive Session, and then adjourned to Monday.

In the House, after the reception of reports, &c., a bill was passed which appropriates $116,000 out of the proceeds of the sale of certain naval stores for the Naval Service. After some private business the House adjourned.

SATURDAY, April 13. The Senate did not sit. In the House the Army Appropriation bill was taken up and debated in Committee of the Whole—principally on an amendment to make an appropriation necessary to pay the Texian Indian Bill.

IN SENATE, Monday, April 15. Mr. King, who has been a member of the Senate since 1818, took leave of the body in a very touching letter, which was inserted in the journals. Mr. Choate, of Mass., concluded his speech upon the Tariff. Mr. Merrick called up his Post Office Bill, on the merits of which he made a brief remarks. The Senate then, however, passed into executive session without any action upon it.

In the House, Mr. McKay moved to suspend the rules to take up the Army Bill. The House refused to take up the bill—yeas 79, nays 94. The Army Bill was then taken up, carried through all its stages and passed.

IN SENATE, April 16. Mr. Merrick's bill was taken up, and some amendments made to it.

IN THE HOUSE, there arose debate on the memorials from the majority and minority of the Rhode Island Legislature. Both were ordered to be printed. The House refused to take up the bill providing for casting the votes in the Presidential election on the same day throughout the Union.

Notices of the Dead.

A PATRIOT DEAD.—The Albany Atlas announces the death, at Cobleskill Centre, on Saturday last, of Capt. George Warner, aged 96 years, 7 months and 22 days. Capt. Warner was the son of George Warner, and brother of Jacob Warner, all of whom signalized themselves during "the times that tried men's souls." The two former were captured by the tories and Indians and carried into Canada. Capt. Warner was also made a prisoner by the same hostile band, but made his escape from the enemy on the first night of his captivity. He was the last of that gallant band who took part in the memorable battle of Cobleskill Valley. His father's house was situated a short distance from his own residence, was fired and burned in the ground by the invading foe, with whom Indians he kept up a warm and unrelenting warfare during the times that tried men's souls. The two former were captured by the tories and Indians and carried into Canada. Capt. Warner was also made a prisoner by the same hostile band, but made his escape from the enemy on the first night of his captivity. He was the last of that gallant band who took part in the memorable battle of Cobleskill Valley. His father's house was situated a short distance from his own residence, was fired and burned in the ground by the invading foe, with whom Indians he kept up a warm and unrelenting warfare during the times that tried men's souls.

☞ On Thursday of last week, at St. Paul's Church, Pittsburg, Pa., a young lady, the daughter of one of the wealthiest and most respectable families there, took the veil as a member of the Sisters of Mercy, by taking the white veil, and another lady, a native of Ireland, having completed her probation, took the black veil.

☞ Jedediah Allen of Royalton, Ohio, has given $15,000 for the foundation, in the first place, of the Shelby Collegiate Institute, for the nephews and cousins, and the remainder for the endowment of the "Allen Missionary Professorship."

☞ The corner stone of a new Episcopal Church, was laid in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Saturday week, by the Right Reverend Bishop Mc-Ilvaine. It is to be styled "Trinity Church."

☞ The Methodist Sunday Schools in the United States, are to have a Convention, in Philadelphia, on New York, on Friday, May 10th to advance the cause.

☞ The New Jersey Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is now in session at Trenton.

☞ A large Roman Catholic Church is also to be erected in Buffalo, New York.

☞ A neat German Lutheran Church is about to be built in Buffalo, N. Y.

Miscellaneous News.

POUNDS HOUSE EXPLOSION.—A powder house in Norwich, Conn., was blown up on Saturday afternoon, seriously injuring four boys, two of which will probably die. These boys were playing with some powder near the house, when it ignited, communicated to that in the mill and the one hundred kegs stored there went off in one tremendous explosion.

A DISCOVERY.—In the ninety-eighth number of Mr. Audubon's work, entitled "The Birds of America," he describes a newly discovered bird, found in the prairies of Illinois, and says —"I have ironed this species with the name of my good friend, Gideon B. Smith, Esq., of D. of Baltimore, Md., who has done mother science in its several departments."

☞ On Wednesday week, a scow, hang on board fence. Two of the children and a household goods, got in the current of the Ja[illegible] and came nigh going over the falls, th[illegible] on board. As it was, the men got on [illegible] shore, but the scow and furniture were cast[illegible] onto the boiling vortex below. We should [illegible] the men's skill would have turned out.

☞ The number of emigrants crowding to the West is hardly suspected by those it is not their daily beat. A steamboat left Buffalo for St. Louis about ten days ago with four hundred and eighty-six passengers and their baggage. The St. Louis papercate that thousands of emigrants are passing [illegible] of 10,000 places, Mr. Shannon, one of 20,000.

☞ The schooner Wave, of Chicago, Illinois, was lost near the mouth of the Kalamazoo river, during a gale on the Lake about two weeks ago, and all on board were lost.

☞ The British ship Avon cleared at Savannah, last week, for Liverpool, with a cargo of 2780 bales of cotton, weighing 1,029,061 lbs., and valued at $86,661.

☞ Miss Celeste S. Miller, of Homer, New York, has received $450 damages in an action for breach of promise against Levi G. Bradford, of the same place.

☞ The Connecticut Times is loud in praise of specimens of American Umbrella and Sun shade Silk, raised, dyed and manufactured in this State.

HEALTHY! HEALTH!!—There is one section low throughout all the works of Nature—that all great results are brought about by small means. It is the same in every thing that changeless rule, which is as true in the physical as in the moral construction of man. The unerring records of the various Boards of Health, in the United States and Europe, have shown that the greatest mortality is decline by Consumption, *particularly among the young*. This is attributed in a great measure to the delicacy of the part of Parents, who pass over "a slight cough" or an "occasional hoarseness" with too little attention. Now a cough is the first symptom of Consumption, a slight one, and it is as essential as it is strange, that the most simple thing in the light of experience, that a cough, who will cure the *full formed* disease demands a cure, and that cure is found in the use of Dr. Sherman's Lozenges as a preventive. Among the various medicines that have been used for the purpose of alleviating human suffering, none have acquired so universal a fame as that of Dr. SHERMAN'S LOZENGES. For there are three-fold virtues in this medicine, which are found in no other. It is a DEMULCENT, a PECTORANT, and a DIAPHORETIC, and is the only medicine ever discovered, that will cure the "BARKING COUGH" in a few days. It relieves the most violent paroxysms of WHOOPING COUGH! tends to the free expectoration of the tough mucus, relieves all irritation of the throat and lungs, and produces a healthy action, which should be employed from the earliest stages of life, in all cases where symptoms of consumption are manifested. Sold by all Druggists and Merchants throughout the United States.

North Philadelphia: Chemist.

For sale, wholesale and retail, at Jayne's Health Restoring Office, No. 20 South Third street, where medical advice may be had at all times free of charge.

CONSUMPTION.—Those who have either stolen goes not know that a simple remedy is now within reach of every one, frequently rendered wholly safe for the proper application of a few days. Those who have a cough, or any affection of the lungs, should not neglect it, but procure a bottle of Dr. SHERMAN'S LOZENGES, and by their use prevent ulceration, coughs, pains in the breast and side, spitting of blood, night sweats, hectic fever, general debility of the body, giddiness, and a variety of other distressing symptoms, the common forerunners of consumption. Dr. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills dispersive all those symptoms mentioned above, and by their use the system is left in a healthy condition, and the patient restored to health, and can securely venture the body to health. An occasional use of these Pills will prevent the system from ever becoming so completely free from those humors which are in all cases the forerunners of consumption. Sold by all druggists and Merchants throughout the United States.

Dr. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are also a most valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Piles, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Fever and Ague, Female Complaints, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Dropsy, Gout, Jaundice, Colds, Fevers, Inflammation, Worms, Fits, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Colic, Pain in the Side, Back and Joints, Drowsiness, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Indigestion, Flatulency, Hysterics, Female Irregularities, Impurities of the Blood, and all diseases arising from a disordered state of the Stomach or Bowels.

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The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

252 shares Girard Bank,		75½
100 do. Kensington Railroad,		27
250 do. Girard Gold Bank,		34
200 do. North America Ins Co.		34
67 do. Vicksburg Bank,		34
67 do. Wilmington R. R.		17½
40 do. Penn Township Bank,		31
10 do. Bank of N. Liberties,		34
10 do. Man & Mec. Bank,		90
10 do. Farmers & Mech. Bank,		90
14 do. Merchants Bank,		93
100 do. Girard Gold Bank,		33½
100 do. Philadelphia Bank,		93
$10,000 Penn. Bonds,		61 6811
$10,000 Reading R. R. Bonds,		69
$5000 Reading R. R. Bonds,		69
$1,000 County 5's, 1860, old,		90
$5,000 do. do. do.		90
$754 Sixth Ward, 1840, new		90

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

FRIDAY.—We have had a portion of a hard to get $20.50 Coffee—Demand fair—part of a cargo of Rio, Ordinary sold, say 7½ cts. and a lot do. on private terms—a cargo of Laguayra just arrived. Cotton—There is given 8¾ cts. cash and 9 cts. 4 months for Orleans fair. Flour—The accounts from the interior continue to represent the article as very scarce, which is a slight exaggeration. We have no sales of consequence to report, either for manufacturers or consumers, prices at last quoted. Fruit—Sales of 1000 boxes Malaga raisins, part of a cargo at private terms. Flour and Meal—There is a moderate export demand for flour, and the receipts continue moderate, about 1500 bbls. had been secured brands at $4.06¼, and $4.75@5 for good and extra brands. Rye Flour—Sales of 150 barrels from the wagon, at $3.12½. Corn Meal—Sales of 200 bbls. at $2.75 from store. Grain—There is not any thing worthy of notice to report. Sales of 2000 bushels of prime red wheat at 110 cts. Rye—Sales of several cargoes Pa. have been made at 59 cts. Corn—Sales of 2000 bushels yellow at 52 cts. afloat. Oats—Sales of southern at 30 cts. Provisions—There is a fair demand for Beef, and sales of 200 barrels country mess at $6.50, and 100 barrels extra mess at $7.50. Pork—We have no inquiry for mess, and sales of 200 barrels country prime at $11.50. Lard—Sales of 100 barrels at 7½ cts. Whiskey—Sales of 100 barrels at 23½ cts. Seeds—Sales of 100 bushels Timothy at $2.25.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, April 17.—Beef cattle, mostly Pa. beef cattle, including 300 taken to New York—150 Cows and Calves sold at $30@45 each. Sheep—Sales of 1500 at from $3 to 5 for ordinary to prime the 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—Sales of 150 at $30@45 each. Hogs—Sales of 400 at $4@4 75 per 100. Sheep sold from $3 to 5 each, as in quality.

Brighton, near Boston, April 6.—At market, 950 head of cattle; 75 pairs cattle; 4000 sheep and lambs; and 1000 head cattle unsold. Prices—Beef Cattle—Last week's prices were fully sustained. We quote first quality, $5@5 25; second quality—first quality $4@4 50; second quality $3@4; third quality $2@3. Sheep from $2 to $5 each. Calves—Sales at $12@18 each. Swine—Lots were offered at the wagon, and 300 sold during the week at prices ranging from 3½ to 4½ per 100 pounds as to quality, or $4.37½ to 5.62 per 100 lbs.

Brighton, April 13.—At market, on the hoof 84 to 5, 1000 Cattle, 75 pairs Cattle, 4000 Sheep and Lambs, 1000 Swine, all to sell at wholesale or retail.

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PRICES OF FLOUR AND GRAIN.

The following were the prices of flour, wheat, corn and rye, at the several points named in the latest mail advices:

	Flour.	*Wh't.*	*Corn.*	*Oats.*
Philadelphia,	$4 62	110	52	30
New York,	5 06	112	54	34
Boston,	5 00	110	55	34
Cincinnati,	3 50	68	40	20
St. Louis,	3 50	68	40	20
Richmond, Va.,	4 50	105	63	30
Norfolk,	4 50	105	63	30
Trenton, N. J.,	4 50	105	63	30
Albany,	4 25	90	60	30
Rochester,	4 00	90	60	30
Mobile,	5 00	—	70	40
New Orleans,	6 00	120	70	40
Alexandria, D. C.,	4 25	95	63	30
Washington,				
Hagerstown,	4 00	70	50	25
Frederick,	4 00	70	50	25
Baltimore,	4 50	105	63	30
New Orleans,	4 00	82	50	25
Lancaster,	4 00	90	60	30
Lewisville,	4 00	90	60	30
Pittsburg,	4 00	90	60	30
Harrisburg,	4 00	90	60	30
Zanesville, Ohio,	3 12	50	40	20
Columbus,	3 12	50	40	20
Springfield, Ill.,	3 00	68	40	20
Chicago,	3 00	68	40	20
Rochester,	3 00	81	—	—
Utica,	3 50	90	—	—
Toledo,	3 50	60	30	16
Hunter City,	4 00	90	50	30
Milwaukie,	4 00	90	50	30
Detroit,	4 00	90	50	30
Memphis, Tenn.,	4 00	90	50	30

IT NEVER FAILS!!!

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BANKERS, No. 25 *South Third Street.*

Philadelphia, April 17, 1844.

MAINE.

Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank, do	60
City bk., Bath, do	60
Damariscotta, do	60
Hallowell & Augusta, do	60
Kennebec, do	60
Lincoln, do	60
Manufacturers, do	60
Merchants, do	60
Mechanics & Farmers, do	60
Orono bank, do	60
Orient bank, do	60
Portland bank, do	60
Union, do	60
All solvent banks,	1

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bank of Exeter,	10 a —
Grafton,	60
Merrimack,	60
Piscataqua,	60
Portsmouth,	60
Strafford,	60
All solvent banks,	1

MASSACHUSETTS.

All solvent banks,	par

RHODE ISLAND.

All solvent banks,	par

MARYLAND

Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Frederick,	par
Frederickstown,	par
Hagerstown,	par
Mechanics and Millers'	
greatown,	par
Westminster,	par
Williamsport,	par
Washington,	par
Commercial bank,	par
Susquehanna,	par
Union bank,	par
Farmers' bk. Del.	par
Bank of Georgetown and Bran	par
Farmers' bk. Del.	par
Bank of Dover,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Bank of Wilmington,	par
Delaware bank,	par
Wilmington,	par
Bank of Newcastle,	par
Bank of Washington,	par
Georgetown,	par
Bank of Alexandria,	par
Bank of Virginia,	par
Franklin bank,	par
Norfolk,	par

VIRGINIA

Bk of Va. & branches,	par
Farmers' bk. Va. & branches	par
Exchange bk. Va. & branches	par
Lynchburg,	par
Northern bk. Va. & branches	par
Petersburg,	par
Richmond,	par
Virginia,	par
Wheeling,	par
All solvent banks,	par

NORTH CAROLINA

All solvent banks,	par

SOUTH CAROLINA

All solvent banks,	par

GEORGIA

Bank of St. Mary's,	2
Brunswick,	2
Bank of Darien,	2
Macon,	2
Planters bank,	2
Savannah,	2
Bank of Augusta,	2
Bank of Milledgeville,	2
All solvent banks,	2

FLORIDA

All solvent banks,	2

ALABAMA

All solvent banks,	10

OHIO.

Bank of Cincinnati,	par
Commerc

Selected Poetry.

SONG OF THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY W. J. S.

On a dreary December night
I sat by the fire alone and long,
And as the cold wind howled through the night,
It brought the cold and damp
On a lump of ice on the floor
(No other couch had she).
He had once given, for wine, but work
Showered young children three.

Her face had once been fair,
Her form erect straight and tall;
Now bent and worn by toil and care,
And famine, worse of all.
Her face a ceaseless tear
To wash an infant's cry,
Which at her breast and flesh her took,
That her baby might not die.

Her form is not bent with years,
Nor age has guarded her hair;
Famine has bowed her too great for years;
The sorrow of utter despair
Is never quite forgotten nor
Can be from memory driven;
The thought that was borne to o'erbear her cheeks
To the throne of heaven.

And where is he who tied
That wretch from a happy home?
Where is he? Ah, he died
In a drunken row, one
Night, in a tavern room,
With tipplers by side, alone!
For the being he made in sorrow of clad;
And garden glass after glass
While she and her children period.

She watches and works alone:
For her there is no repose
Until the coming of one
Who cometh her with curses and blows:
Early and late to work
In her cots comforted life:
And still she sings, as her needle she pries,
The song of the drunkard's wife.

Work, work, work,
From dawning to setting sun!
My work begins with day,
And at midnight 'tis not done.
At midnight, weary jane
My head on my pillow falls—
But I must sooner and wake,
On a pair of crutches."

"Work, work, work,
The hours glide by so fast,
The passing my misery
It takes but an hours to date,
And perhaps he never leave
For the pence of his last and champagne wine
In my blood and my children's tears.

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
Alfred it be on the floor,
Oh! better it were than to wake and weep;
To sleep and awake no more.
What is death but a stoppage of breath,
And a damp and a mother bed
Whose slumber is undisturbed by dreams
Of children crying for bread!

"Heed, babe, the cries;
Thy heart there there is no;
My wanted bosom thy prayer drain;
While he calls for toilet per
Where are the days when he
My liquor is there cease a glare,
And one is clear gush of the

"Ours, gaze, gaze!
For the mother's gaze I share:
That he may grow rich, while sorrow and pain
Are wearing me down to the grave.
There's forgiveness, 'tis said, for all;
And I pray that even he
Not in vain on God may call,
Though he has no mercy on me

"Woe, threefold woe!
Woe where there that's not of bread?
To grieve my Willam is now to go
As soon as I am dead.
Oh, reason! oh, wisdom! oh, law!
Oh, justice!
Though it groans the victim moved,
Has law who digs the grave!

Death, lovely death!
Thou hast no sting for me;
Without thee and my breath
For my babes, and strange to me
And he who now me mine.
In life's gay, cheerless more—
Oh! what will become of him
When I am dead and gone!"

Hopelessly, despair, wearily
She sat and uttered her life,
And fixed her gaze on the table,
The song of the drunkard's wife.
When home, with sorrow's earliest sun,
The tap-room tenant was led,
No wonder his wife's death was there—
The drunkard's wife was dead.—*Boston Post*

* No exaggeration—less than a dime is given by the step-mother for the making of cornsilk which they retail at a dollar. The stuff costs 25 cents.

Our Traveller.

BERLIN.

Next to St. Petersburg, Berlin is the most modern capital of Europe. It was built literally in a desert of sand in the ancient mark Brandenburg, a district of country which in Ancient would certainly not bring in half a quarter cents an acre.

When Frederick the Great was talking to Voltaire about the palaces of Berlin, observing that to extent it was almost equal to Paris the prince of soulless replied: "Yes, sire, but you must remember that in Paris we do not plough in the streets." The area of Berlin is almost as large as that of any European city; there being, indeed, as much as it is built on an arid plain on the Spree, a muddy brook, which is now magnified into a river.

The city itself is laid out in straight lines, the streets all crossing each other more or less at right angles. Some of them are magnificent, owing to splendor London and Paris, while one of them, that which leads from the Royal Castle to the King's Gate, is one continued line of palaces. In its centre stands the celebrated promenade called "Under the Linden Trees," from a triple alley of Linden trees ornamenting the centre. At noon, and in the evening, the whole fashionable world may be seen there, and to the Thier Garten, a sort of Park, studded with coffee houses, theatres, and what the French call Guinguettes. In a great number of these, there is always music from three to four in the afternoon till late in the evening, the people of Berlin, though remarkably frugal, being fond of surrounding themselves with the arts wherever their means permit them to do so.

There is not a city in Europe whose inhabitants are more fond of public theatres than Berlin, and it must, in this respect be ranked second only to the capital of France. The play houses are all magnificent palaces, equal in size to Drury Lane or Covent Garden, that is about two or three times as large as the largest theatres in London, and the sums annually are expended on the Opera and the Drama, which latter has become the model of all Germany.

At about twenty miles from Berlin, and connected with it by railroad, is Potsdam, the summer residence of the King, with the celebrated Sans Souci, the palace more occupied by Frederick the Great.

In collections of arts, Berlin is not so rich as Dresden, Vienna, or Munich; but its scientific institutions are beyond all doubt, the most first most celebrated in Germany. The public schools of Prussia, it is well known, have become models for imitation, almost all the world, and Berlin contains the model schools for the whole kingdom of Prussia. The Gymnasium is one of the best in Europe, and the University, with upwards of three hundred ordinary and extraordinary professors, numbers more than three thousand students.

An air of learning and scholastic pedantry strikes the stranger in every direction he moves. In the public streets, and even in the best ballet, even when loitering in the lower classes, a certain degree of erudition. As in other cities, there are great differences in family, the people of Berlin, who are generally poor, pride themselves of belonging to some family, and having their names emplaced with some scientific distinction.

Berlin has for the last twenty-five years been ruled intellectually by metaphysics, by the *philosopher Hegel*, and the school of philosophers of identity around the minds of the higher classes until the death of Hegel, when the Catholic philosopher *Schelling* has been called to Berlin, and on the ruins of the philosophy of Hegel has established another foundation, instead of dancing parties, "literary conversations," and "literary teas" are the entertainments strangers are mostly invited to where reading declamation, and scientific discussions are alternately resorted to, to while away the time till midnight or one or two in the morning. Next to the Chinese it is highly probable the Prussians are the most universally educated people on earth; but it is believed that, and perhaps not entirely without reason, that the scholastic education of the people, deprives them of that manly freedom, and that independent energy of character which marks the population of Great Britain and this country.

Next to the scientific institutions those of the military are most deserving of notice in the capital of Prussia. In proportion to the number of its inhabitants Berlin has a larger military establishment than any other city in Europe, and can muster, on any emergency, an army of from 40 to 50,000 troops. Barracks there are in every direction, and in every direction troops may be seen marching and countermarching as if the city had just been taken at the point of the bayonet. Go where you please and you are sure to hear the spirit stirring drum, and to be struck by the pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war. The theatres are crowded with officers, noncommissioned officers and privates, who all pay but one-half or one-third of the usual fees of admission, and at all the public walks the everlasting clank of the sabre tells you some of the cavalry officers dragged on the ground, and the still military etiquette preserved by all who pretend to tea and refinement is any thing but pleasing.

Berlin contains about three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, including military and strangers, and its population is fast increasing. It will no doubt, in a very few years exceed that of Vienna. It will never equal that of Paris in the comforts of civilized life. Since the last war its population has nearly doubled; at the death of Frederick the Great it but little exceeded one hundred thousand inhabitants.

Berlin is now connected by railroad with Leipsic and Dresden, the Florence of Germany and the seat of refinement and the arts par excellence. That railroad is now being united with Prague and Vienna, on the one side, and with the *Hof*, Nurnemberg and *Munich*, the Capital of Bavaria, on the other. To the North there is a railroad from Berlin to Magdeburg, which latter place is to be connected in the same manner with Hamburg. Meanwhile the communications between Magdeburg and Hamburg is carried on, on the Elbe, by steamboat, averaging seldom more than from four to five miles an hour.

Ladies' Department.

THE FIRST LOAF.

An emergency at last came in my domestic arrangements, for which I was wholly unprepared. Cornwallis, my factotum mysterious of all good housekeepers, to be prepared when such an occurs, as occur they must, in these days of help wanting. An excellent girl had gone, and her place was supplied by one who left me when I betook myself never answer that description which had induced me to engage. She stood thunderstruck before me, awaiting new instructions.

"You can bake some bread, Nancy; now I want you to sift some flour and set some rising."

"How shall I make it? That never was my work before. Shall we sift the flour, you see, and I can learn quick," was the reply, and the answer, yet wishing expressed her belief that she spoke a truth when she did also an inexperienced hand. Heartily did that answer fall upon my ear. I shall never forget it. Not that was the question, how? What a world of experience and power did that little word comprehend. I remember my mother's habit of sending by the maiden of the day, or any simulone, baking it when it was just enough raised: these matches of information I well remembered, but the right quantity, quality and number of ingredients, with the just how they should all be put together, was the still unanswered question. There stood Nancy, with open face awaiting my reply, and my thoughtful pause, "as there is so much that is more important to do, we will make it ourself, and try baker's bread."

"Shall I make some; but this is beautiful—baker's bread, George. I don't know but what it is better than any home-made loaf I ever ate," I replied, in a most recommendatory tone, taking another slice which I did not need.

"There is nothing like good home-made bread, such as my mother used to make." To the first part of this remark, I did not materially object, inasmuch as it was merely my own opinion, but when he suggested an equality between his mother's bread and hers, on his estimation ever excelled, I felt a sad shudder of heart at my own experience inability of adjusting it.

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But the bread must be made. I arose one morning before the sun, and commenced what I construct that day to attempt it. I will begin with yeast-cake bread; that I am sure will be easiest and much less trouble. So upon yeast-cake bread I was resolved.

With what deep and earnest interest did I prepare my flour, my yeast-cake, my water, and what anxiety did I mix these important ingredients together. "I will have yeast-cake enough," thought I, and I am determined I shall be light," and another spasmodic was added. "The bread will be white, for I have sifted the fine kindled, and at last I was satisfied I deposited in the well-oiled pans, and took my seat beside the stove to watch its progress. How anxious was I that evening, the people of Berlin, though remarkably frugal, being fond of surrounding themselves with the arts wherever their means permit them to do so.

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Our Scrap Book.

THE ALSO GREY MARE.—An honest farmer a few miles from Dumfries, was often fleeced and pride and circumstance of glorious war. by his wife every day he went to town on market night. At last she set out with him one day herself, and in the evening forced him home rather sooner than he liked. Accordingly he got upon one of the mares—he on the saddle and she on the pad behind them. They rode on till they came to a small brook that crossed the road, when the mare put down her head to drink, and he, being sagacious, again went on. "Now, sad the gudewife, "if you will do like the mare—I mean what she has executed—you will be cured, and goes on; and cannot you do the same?" The gudeman replied, "Ay, but if there was another auld grey mare on the other side of the stand, and she saying to her, 'Hae ye't?' Here's t'ye and here's t'ye, there's tit telling what they might part."

☞ There is a showman in this place who tells youth, doctors cows, breaks colts and flat, and teaches "the young idea how to shoot."—*N. H. paper.*

We know a showmaker in New Hampshire who can open a tater, take out the original "all sorts" of a chap in comparison with the above, in addition to all the other skill he has in assigning at evening meetings, rung the church bell morning and night, keep still with the country shooting-matches, spent all his leisure Saturday afternoons in dipping out woodchucks at the halves, and his Sunday forenoons, when everybody else had gone to meeting, in having been at to much like sermons.

☞ A cockney who made the tour of Ireland, or at least thought he did when he reached the height of the Lakes of Killarney, Wicklow, was asked on his return to London what "Oh, I admired them vastly," was the reply, "I have an old fishing rod with me, and I spent three days at the lakes